

sense of mingled scorn and pity, all the more intense for being so rigidly restrained—these make that novel one of the great books of the world, the triumph of a poet and a realist happily at one. It must count, indeed, among his realistic works; there were times when he howled with rage at the drabness of the subject he had set himself; but amid all the drabness, as in Ibsen, whose Hedda Gabler is a first cousin of Emma Bovary, the tragic poet, too, is there.

And what a poet! Never has writer made more imaginatively lovely the encroaching ugliness of life.

'Cette lueur d'incendie qui empourprait son ciel pale, se couvrit de plus d'ombre et s'effasa par degres.'

'Leur grand amour ou elle vivait plonge, parut se diminuer sous elle comme l'eau d'un fleuve qui s'absorb-erait dans son lit, et elle aper^ut la vase/

*Les plaisirs comme des ecoliers dans la cour d'un college avaient tellement pietine sur son coeur que rien de vert n'y poussait, et ce qui passait par la, plus etourdi que les enfants, n'y laissait pas meme, comme eux, son nonr: grave sur la muraille/

'Elle le corrompait par dela le tombeau/

The echo of the rolling voice of Chateaubriand is here. But far more than an echo goes to the making of prose so magnificent. *Madame Bovary* has more pity in it than most of Flaubert's later work. And pity remains a finer thing than hatred or horror or contempt. It is not, I believe, by

any accident that a finer rhythm comes
with it into the
teller's voice.

But in *Education Sentimentale* the poet
is missing.
That seems to me the fatal difference
between the two
books. Futility is a dangerous subject for a
writer to
pursue for long: it has a quiet way of
turning and swal-
lowing its pursuer. This life-study of beings
who are all